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Northern Messenger

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The 'Kid Judge' of Denver.

(Henry J. Haskell, in the 'Outlook.')

A Denver school inspector recently sent a boy to the blackboard to write three proper names.

'Of great men?' asked the boy.

'If you like,' replied the inspector. And the boy wrote:

'George Washington,
'Abraham Lincoln,
'Ben. B. Lindsey.'

Denver appreciated the compliment, with the exception of the professional politicians, who hate the Judge of the County Court for his exposure of official corruption.

Colorado thinks its juvenile laws the best in the Union. They are. They provide for the paroling of young offenders and for compulsory school attendance; they prohibit child labor and the confinement of children under fourteen years of age in jails, and they penalize contributory delinquency on the part of parents and other adults. The capital city, moreover, maintains an admirable detention school, where delinquent children may be sent temporarily. Besides, there is a State Industrial School for boys at Golden, and for girls at Morrison. But the chief factor in the Colorado situation is not the laws, but the personality behind them. For this short, slight, boyish man of thirty-five, in the frock coat, with the keen eyes and the soft voice, has his finger on every troublesome boy in the city, and under his wise management the leaders of the 'gangs' have been transformed into pillars of the law.

Early in the court's history the street railway company was having trouble from boys who were derailing cars and smashing windows. Officers finally caught seven and took them to the juvenile court.

Now, Judge Lindsey never asks one boy to 'tell on' another. 'Snitching,' as the street calls it, is against the ethics of the gang, and the Judge assumes that a boy's sense of honor is as sacred as a man's.

'I don't want you to tell on the other fellows' he said to the seven, 'but you get them to come into court to-morrow, and I'll give them a square deal.'

The next day they returned alone. The other boys were frightened, they reported; but they believed, if the Judge would write them a letter, they would come.

'All right,' he said. 'What shall I say?'

'Begin,' replied one, with the evident intention of refuting a charge already brought against him, 'begin—"No kid has snitched, but if you'll come the Judge'll give you a square deal."'

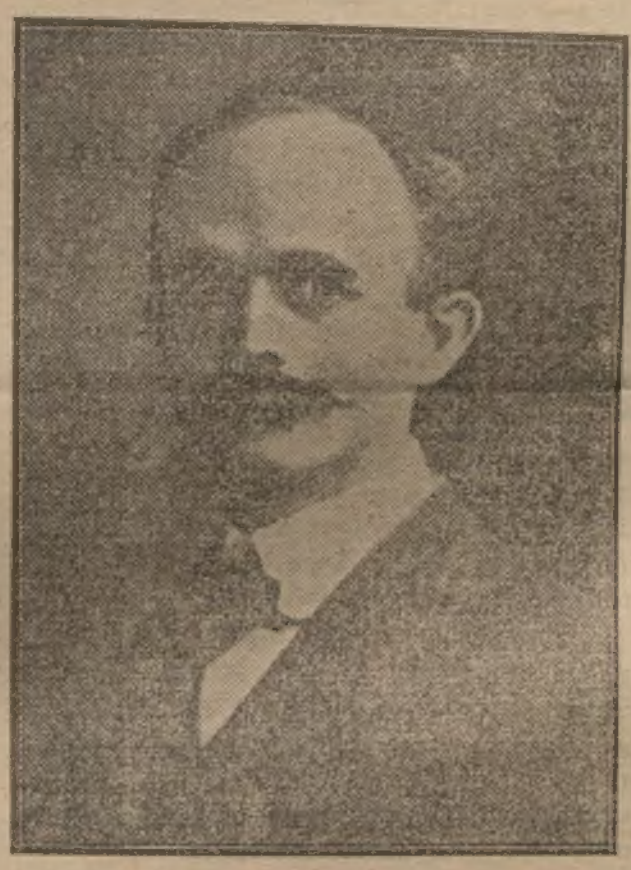
A day or two later fifty-two boys crowded into his chambers. He explained the character of their offense, and then organized a Little Citizens' League to maintain order in the neighborhood.

'Now, we're not going to have any more policemen out there,' he said to the League. 'I've told the company that I'll be responsible for their having no more trouble.' And they didn't.

'I don't see how he does it,' said a Denver man, after recounting Judge Lindsey's success in getting a gang of boy thieves into court after the police had given them up.

But his success is no mystery to any one who watches him in the court-room. The county court of the city and county of Denver is a probate court, with jurisdiction in certain other cases. And every second Saturday it sits as a juvenile court—'Lindsey's Sunday-school' the police used to call it. They speak more respectfully of it now.

The comparison really isn't bad. The Juvenile Court in session looks much more like a Sunday-school than a court of criminal procedure. The Judge comes down from the bench to a camp-chair on a low platform. Beside him, keeping a record of the cases, sits Mrs. Gregory, a probation officer. Two other probation officers and one or two truant officers are in the room, but there is no policeman, and no officer of any sort in uniform. Teachers and principals from the ward schools are present in force to advise and explain. For the rest, there are one hundred and fifty boys—the few girls come on another day—most of them between the ages of eight and fourteen, sitting in camp-chairs and swinging their feet. It is a clean crowd, though it wasn't so originally. Judge Lindsey found a room in the basement where the engineer stored his oil He had it emptied and cemented, and water-pipes put in. Now the boys crowd there for shower-baths before going into court. These probationers are required to appear every second Saturday with a report from the teacher of the ward school.



JUDGE LINDSEY, OF DENVER, COL.

'The boys from the Webster School,' calls the Judge, and half a dozen little chaps crowd forward about him, ragged, perhaps, but clean.

'Here, Sam, come up here,' says the Judge, pulling to his side a boy with a faded coat and patchwork trousers. 'You had only "fair" in last report, Sam, but it's "excellent" this time'—tearing open the envelope and glancing at the slip inside. Put it there.' And the boy gets a hearty handshake and stands aside, grinning all over.

So they pass in a long procession, each one called by name and greeted with a handshake or a slap on the back; those who have done well encouraged, the few less fortunate braced to do better with, 'I'm sorry to hear this, Tom,' 'Oh, that'll never do.'

Sometimes a boy's physical condition attracts the Judge's attention. 'Son, why don't you like to go to school?' he asks one with a long truancy record, drawing the boy to his side.

'I have bad headaches,' is the reply.

The Judge looks him over carefully. 'Is his mother here? Oh, yes. Well, have you ever had George's eyes examined? No? Come around to chambers to-night and I'll give you a note to Dr. Smith.'

Many such cases occur. The most remarkable, perhaps, is one the Denver alienist proposes to report at length to the profession. A boy who was so morose and unruly that both parents and teachers had given him up became tractable and happy under the care of the physician whom Judge Lindsay called in when he learned that in early childhood the lad had had epileptic fits.

The school-teachers are the Juvenile Court's faithful allies. They have learned that the truant is under special temptation to petty thieving. Each teacher has a list of the boys on probation. If one fails to appear at the morning roll-call the fact is telephoned to the Juvenile Court office within ten minutes and the case is at once investigated by a probation officer.

After the school cases are disposed of, the complaints of a more serious character are heard. At a recent session of the Court after Judge Lindsey had been out of town for five weeks and the docket had been accumulating, only two criminal charges were brought, and these were for minor offenses. Two boys were charged with robbing a drunken man of a bottle of beer and a small sum of money, and four others were accused of implication in the breaking of a suburban merchant's window.

The four boys involved in the window-smashing had been questioned by police and probation officers in vain. They didn't break the window, and they knew nothing about it. Tearful yet defiant, they faced the Judge, and began repeating their denials. He set the leader on his knee, and a little kindly talk brought out the facts. The boy who really threw the stone was to be persuaded to come in and talk with the Judge, and the gang were to pay for the window.

The boys were encouraged to regard the Court as their friend. One day, in the midst of litigation involving an estate worth more than a million dollars, a youngster, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, burst into the room, shouting, 'Judge, Judge, I want an injunction!'

The attorneys were shocked and the bailiff started to put the boy out. 'Hold on,' said Judge Lindsey; 'a live boy is worth more than a dead man's millions. 'We'll adjourn the court for five minutes and hear what he wants.'

The lad explained that a 'fly cop' had just come on the beat and, because he was jumping on cars to sell papers, had driven him from the corner which had been his business stand for several years. He was losing fifty

cents a day and wanted an injunction against the policeman. The Judge took an injunction blank and wrote a note to the patrolman explaining that Morris was a good boy who reported regularly to the Court, and asked that he be allowed to get on the cars.

Judge Lindsey never sends an officer with boys committed to the detention school or to the institution at Golden. He trusts them to go alone, and only once has one ever failed him. A probation officer found 'Moochey' asleep in a cheap restaurant the day after his commitment to the detention school. 'Why aren't you at the School?' demanded the officer, shaking him awake.

'Oh, I clean forgot,' said the penitent boy. 'Gimme the writ an' I'll go right along.'

When 'Ben' Lindsey was appointed to the county bench five years ago, Colorado had a weak law governing the treatment of juvenile offenders. No personal attention was given to the boys. They were bundled off to the State Industrial School at Golden, or sent to jail, or put on probation, and that was all. The new judge had been on the bench only a short time when some boys were brought before him on the charge of robbing a farmer's pigeon roost. It happened that as a boy —he has lived in Denver from his ninth year —he had started out to rob the same roost. The coincidence startled him. 'I wouldn't have wanted to go to jail or to the reform school for that,' he said to the prosecutor. 'I guess I must talk to these boys.' That was the beginning of Denver's juvenile court. The important juvenile and contributory delinquency laws, the establishment of the detention school, and the abolition of the imprisonment of children in jail have all come since that time, and are largely due to his efforts.

The police looked on the judge as mildly insane at first. An officer one day brought in a boy of fifteen who had been in jail thirteen times.

'Yes, that's serious,' said the Judge. 'I must have a long talk with that boy and start him to reporting to me.'

'Surely, Judge, you're not going to put that boy on probation,' expostulated the policeman. 'You're crazy. He needs to go to jail.'

'He's been in jail thirteen times,' was the reply, 'and it hasn't done him any good. Suppose I try my way and fail; I'll still have twelve times the best of you fellows.'

He didn't fail. The boy is now at work and has a clean record. The Judge fails sometimes, of course, but not often; for his work does not stop with office hours. The boys come to advise with him in chambers or at his home nearly every evening. Through his friends and through the Juvenile Improvement Association which he has organized, he finds them work in town or in the Colorado beet-fields.

As for tangible results? Well, there is a letter on file from a railway official telling of the discharge of a yard detective because the boys no longer give trouble. The District Attorney's office reports a marvellous falling off in fees from the Juvenile Court, and the Court's annual reports are crowded with statistics showing an unbelievable saving in money to the city every year, and an incredible reduction in the number of serious offenses among the boys of Denver.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Troubles That Never Come.

(Sara Virginia du Bois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The story is somewhere told of a lady who was always foreseeing trouble, and to relieve her mind of some of its anxiety, she kept a list of impending evils, and at the end of the year went over them to find that nine-tenths of them had never materialized. They had never really existed save in imagination.

How many of us there are who go through life laden beneath the troubles that never come. We have enough for to-day, there is no special comfort of which we are deprived, but how do we know what may befall us next month or next year? We can ask God to help us bear the present trouble, but there is no cure whatever for the trouble that never comes.

An old lady once said she had spent most of her life in a vain effort to find happiness, and as a last resort made up her mind to be content without it; when to her surprise it flowed naturally and serenely into her days. 'And to think,' she said, 'that I fretted away sixty years in a fruitless effort to find it.'

God has bestowed upon us so many precious gifts, cannot we trust the future in his hands? 'Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you,' is a scriptural injunction full of precious promise. 'We walk by faith, not by sight,' and if we can trust no further than we see there is something radically wrong with our religion.

A young girl, who had planned for herself a life of activity along a certain line for which she appeared to be specially qualified, was discouraged at the very outset by having all her plans frustrated, being obliged to take up an entirely different line of work. Her mind had been so thoroughly set upon her purpose that there were days when it seemed scarcely worth trying to make a success of anything. While in this mood of despondency she opened a favorite book, and there, underlined, she came across Goethe's admonition: 'Go to work and help yourself for the present and hope and trust in God for the future.' Her conscience reproached her, and taking a blotting book from the table she wrote the homely old motto:

'Do thou but begin the weaving,
God the yarn will aye be giving.'

Later in life she lived to thank God that his purpose in her had been fulfilled, and that she had not been allowed to follow out her own plans. 'My God shall supply all your need,' is the promise to each of us, and with this in mind we can bear all that his loving wisdom has ordained. But what of the troubles that never come?

'There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an alpenstock,
For the hills that are out of sight.
There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue,
For to-morrow's unknown way.'

He Did His Duty.

You never know whom you may influence for good by working for the Master. A ship was fast going to pieces in the offing. The villagers gathered on the shore saw through the mist of the tempest a solitary figure clinging to the mast. A young man rushed to launch the lifeboat. His mother came to him and pleaded, 'Don't go. Remember how your father was lost at sea, and how your brother went away to sea and never returned. You are all that is left to me. Don't go.' 'Mother,' he said, 'I must; it is my duty.' Accompanied by brave companions, he pushed from the shore. The anxious watchers thought again and again that the frail craft would be engulfed. But at length it reached the ship, it rescued the sailor, it made its way towards land. But they were no sooner within hail of the shore than the rescuer rose in the prow and shouted above the rage of the storm, 'Tell mother it is my brother!'—'Toilers of the Deep.'

Where the Responsibility Belongs.

A number of men on one occasion were talking about the burdens of duty, when one of them declared that they were sometimes too heavy to be borne. 'Not,' said another, 'if you carry only your own burden, and don't try to take God's work out of his hands. Last year I crossed the Atlantic with one of the most skilful and faithful captains of the great liners. We had a terrific storm, during which for thirty-eight hours he remained on the bridge, striving to save his passengers. When the danger was over, I said to him, "It might be a terrible thought at such a time that you are responsible for the lives of over a thousand human beings." "No," he said, solemnly, "I am not responsible for the life of one man on this ship. My responsibility is to run the ship with all the skill and faithfulness possible to any man. God himself is responsible for all the rest."'—'Toilers of the Deep.'

Helen Hunt's Last Prayer.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
Too clear I see now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.
Too clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless, were a sin.
Too clear I see that I have sought
Unconscious selfish aims to win;
Too clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.
In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Let me the lowliest task thou hast—
Let me, repentant, work for thee.

Acknowledgments.

DR. GRENFELL'S WORK IN LABRADOR.

FOR THE GENERAL FUND.

Temple S.S., Barrington, N.S., $9.30; Victoria, B.C., $2.50; Class No. 1, St. Andrews S.S., Strathroy, $2; G. R. M. Budd, $2; Mrs. A. McGilliwall, $1.50; Chas. Fleming, $1.00; John Fleming, St., $1; An Ardent Admirer, $1; Irene and Horace Clarke, $1; A Friend, Genoa, $1; A Friend, Murray Harb. S., $1; A Little Girl Friend, Thedford, $1; Mrs. E. A. Graham, $1; W. M. P., P.E.I., $1; R. G. Wanless, $1; Evansvale, 50c; Pt. St. Charles W.C.T.U., $10; total, $37.80.

LABRADOR MISSION.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' will be glad to receive at their office and forward to Dr. Grenfell any sums sent in by subscribers or readers of this paper for the general work of this worthy mission. Send by money order, postal note, or registered letter, addressed as follows:—'Northern Messenger,' John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal. All amounts will be acknowledged on this page. Sums under fifty cents may be sent in two-cent stamps. Subscriptions to the 'Messenger' Cot may be similarly addressed, and will be acknowledged on the Correspondence Page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Plea for the Children.

We plead for the little children,
  Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness,
  Where the shadow of death yet lies.

But not to be nurtured for heaven,
  Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided,
  Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! It is idol-worship
  Their stammering lips are taught;
To cruel false gods only
  Are their gifts and offerings brought

And what can we children offer,
  Who dwell in this Christian land?
Is there no work for the Master
  In reach of each little hand?

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,
  Which even small fingers can clasp,
May lighten as much of the darkness
  As a lamp in a stronger grasp.

And then as the line grows longer
  So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
  Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,
  And e'en infant lips can pray;
Employ, then, the little fingers
  Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,
  And darkness the sooner shall flee;
Many 'little ones' learn of the Saviour
  Both here and 'far over the sea.'

—'Mission Dayspring.'

A Letter From Dr. Grenfell.

[The following letter, written last year at just this time to 'Toilers of the Deep,' is full of most interesting details that lost nothing by re-reading at this date. Dr. Grenfell has not long since left St. John's for St. Anthony's Hospital, in the 'Strathcona,' and is by now probably in much the same surroundings as when he wrote this letter.—Ed.]

(Concluded.)

July 23.—Since my last we have been as far west as Old Fort, in Canadian Labrador. The fishery there is picking up considerably, and from Forteau it shows signs of a good catch. Some of the smaller places, like Lanse au Claire, where the people were so very badly off last winter, having done unusually well. It is the same story, however, all the way. The fish, on the whole, having kept out in deeper water, and thus favoring the line and trawl men. Practically no fish is dried on the coast yet. There has been, of course, great temptation to overload the dories, as a good season for linemen is not to be played with. We saw a dory coming in almost level with the water yesterday. Even then the man had taken off the fishes' heads, to enable the boat to carry more. Two dories have upset, and sunk, near Greenly Island. The two men in one were drowned, though boats hastening to the rescue were already near. The sea was rough on the shallow point of the island, and the breakers washed off the last man as he was almost ashore. He was evidently too beaten out to fight any longer for life, for he had one boot off for swimming. The dories have one good arrangement for enabling a man to hold on to a capsized boat. A rope, with a bight, is drawn through the plug, this enabling a man to get his arm through, and so have a chance for his life. Even then a man should, of course, be able to swim.

I have always been under the impression that not more than one in a hundred of the Newfoundland fishermen could swim, owing to the coldness of the sea, and the flies on the land. But I was glad to find, from an analysis kept by the Lieutenant of the 'Charybdis,' that the proportion is very much larger. There is, however, much room for improvement in that line still, and every effort encouraging the art is as worthy of support as is the definite training in rendering first aid to the wounded. It might well be a plank in the platform in a party seeking election—some measures taken to foster these two things. If there were regularly appointed medical men as teachers and examiners in first aid in the districts where the fishermen reside, and a bonus was given to every man passing an examination, such as the St. John Ambulance Society affords at home in England, much suffering, many lives, and much money would be saved to merchant and planter every year. The money now wasted on quack remedies, electric belts, and on, if possible, even more irrational and foolish methods, is not only a very considerable item, but is also extremely detrimental in its effects.

Familiarity with drugs may, however, breed a dangerous contempt. Two men were in the country here last winter for fur. The elder man was also collecting skins for the Smithsonian Museum. For this purpose he had taken in a tin filled with white arsenic in powder enough to kill a regiment. When in the country he told the younger to make some buns of bread for breakfast, as he was not feeling well after eating a portion of one he was baking. The young fellow made a couple, and proceeded to eat them. He noticed that his baking powder was very heavy, so, thinking that it must be damp, he had put in a double allowance. The young man was taken sick also as soon as he eat a piece of the bread. To the horror of the elder, he found that by mistake they had put in arsenic instead of baking powder. They did their best to wash it out with warm water, and then at once started for home. They were soon too weak to proceed, and had to wait. Fortunately, however, they were again sick, and then strength came back a little. This was repeated over and over again the younger man being only just dragged out alive. It was a very close squeak with both. The late ice on the east coast is, up to date, sadly hindering the fishery. The fact that ice kept the first mail boat from Battle even made a good deal of difference to some poor souls. One poor woman, with five young children, had her husband on board, going to the hospital at Battle. He only reached as far as Chateau, and had to be carried back to die, untreated, a few days later, and leave a family with no one to look after them. It seemed especially hard to the poor wife and mother that he should have got so near to help, and yet have failed to reach it. Alas! the 'nearly won' spells 'altogether lost,' a lesson many sadly need to learn, where failure is their own fault. The means of communication in Labrador are, I am glad to say, being very rapidly improved. I was delighted at Battle, the other day, to actually receive a Marconigram message from a schooner near Venison Islands, on which the assistant of Mr. Marconi was travelling. We eagerly look forward to the installation on the French shore. It is very, very much to be hoped that it will not be necessary to place the station on the Groais Islands, for, as far as the residents are concerned, it might almost as well be in Jericho, or some equally unattainable place. While in the winter the one great drawback to the settlement of the coast, the impossibility of outside communication, will be no way solved by a station on an island in the Atlantic, utterly out of reach by boat or otherwise. The mountain outside St. Anthony is very high, compared with any land about. It juts well out into the sea, and it is to be hoped that its claims to selection as the next point after Cape Bauld will not be overlooked. From there to Krause Head, and thence to St. John's Cape, would be of infinite service to the whole shore.

There have appeared on the coast this year a new series of factories for manufacturing cod oil. They are supplied with a new method, and by the side of it the Norwegian boilers even seem antidiluvian. The oil is made by passing steam directly into the livers under pressure from a small boiler. The whole outfit is inexpensive; takes infinitely less time; is said to make much better oil; and seems bound to replace the old and tedious method of having men to stir the cooking livers for five hours on a stretch.

We have just been called to treat a most queer accident. An unfortunate cook girl had put her large pot of boiling water on the floor, and as she came back, looking the other way, walked right into it, with lamentable results to her feet, a large extensive superficial burn being always an exceedingly painful thing. We have several other patients, and are taking them down the straits to carry them to the hospital.

As I have been writing you this letter, Mr. Editor, we have been at anchor among a large fleet of bankers, off an island in the straits. These men fish with long lines and dories. There is a heavy swell running, and the fog is as thick as soup, one cannot see one hundred yards, in fact, so thick is it that in coming in to our moorings we struck, with our boat in davits, the bowsprit of a schooner also at anchor, and had, in consequence, an anxious few minutes. Now all around are the groans and hoots of numberless foghorns, all calling out their notes of warning and welcome to their small boats and men. What a parable again it does seem from life. Every one busy on their own little business, and yet unable to see their way, often enough the call sounding into empty space, and no ear heeding it. At last someone catches the call, draws on the right direction, then loses it again; then wandering around till a fresh call comes upon their ears; then, at last, a glimpse of the home, the home it is, though it may be on the sea, and after that the side is reached, and the workers are welcomed, and receive the warm welcome that they are, they feel, entitled to—if they have done their best. But what if they have been idle? What if they haven't one trophy as the result of their diminutive voyage? And what, especially if they are conscious that failure is their own fault? Surely heaven is not for such. Time, time, time, the foghorns seem to be sounding out. Make the most of it. It is passing. Soon the night, when no man can work. Oh, my readers, if you are wasting the precious time allotted to you, and doing nothing for the Master, how will you face him hereafter? For 'He sees through the fog.'

Yours heartily, in the Master's service,
WILFRED GRENFELL.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The Obedience of a Great Man.

Sir Henry Havelock, whose name is cherished in the memory of true Britons, as leader of the relieving forces at Lucknow, during the Indian Mutiny, attributed much of his success in after life to the training which he received from his father and mother. On one occasion his father told his son to meet him on London Bridge at noon; but forgot all about the appointment, and when he got home in the evening, was surprised to find the lad was not there.

'Where is Henry?' he asked of his wife.

She replied that the boy had gone to meet his father early in the day, and had not been back yet.

'Why,' said the father, 'he must be waiting for me on London Bridge! I promised to meet him there at twelve o'clock. I told him to wait for me if I was not there at that hour, but I forgot all about it.'

It was not late in the evening. The father at once put his overcoat on to go in search of the lad. He lived a long way from London, and it was near midnight when he reached the bridge.

Sure enough, there stood the brave boy, shivering with the cold. He would not move away, although cold and tired, because his father's last words on parting had been, 'Wait there for me, my boy, till I come.'

Is there any wonder that a boy who could obey so well became a great and honored man in the history of a nation?—'Chatterbox.'

The Cranky Little Torment.

(The 'Child's Companion.')

CHAPTER I.—A NEW PATIENT.

'She's a cranky little torment, miss; and if so be as you can manage her, it's more'n I've bin able to do!' said Mrs. Betts tearfully.

The old woman was standing facing Nurse Winifred in the ward of a large hospital. Mrs. Betts was a washerwoman by chance rather than by choice, and she had a fixed habit of wiping off imaginary soap-suds, as it were, from the tips of her wrinkled fingers.

Nurse Winifred was one of the cheeriest nurses in the hospital, and people said she had a secret knack of managing troublesome patients. Between the two women lay stretched out upon the bed that cranky little torment, Mrs. Betts' granddaughter Em, a mite of nine years, almost a skeleton of thinness, and possessing sharp, restless, brown eyes. Poor wee Em had come into the hospital for a great event, little as she guessed it. She was to undergo an operation, and it would be at the risk of her little life.

'Well,' said Nurse Winifred softly, after a pause, during which she gazed comprehensively down upon her new patient, 'I think we may safely say Em has more than enough to make her cranky—eh, Mrs. Betts?'

For the first time the brown eyes, which had sullenly averted themselves from the nurse, sought her face; and there was a flicker of gratitude as Em took stock of her new proprietor, as she privately considered the 'terribly clean lady' to be.

'I s'pose, miss, as you're right. The poor child 'ave suffered dreadful; but what I wanted to say, miss, is if so be as you'll kindly excuse any bit o' temper, for she's terrible hard to put up with!'

Mrs. Bett agitatedly got rid of some more soap-suds as she gazed at Nurse Winifred.

'Oh, that will be all right!' said the latter cheerily. 'Em and I are going to be the best of friends. I know some lovely fairy-tales, which I shall tell her; and she will be good and take her medicine —won't you, dear?'

'No; I shan't!' promptly said Em in her shrill voice.

'Oh, you bad, impertent child!' exclaimed her grandmother. 'Oh, miss, I told you 'ow it was, and I'm that 'shamed of her——'

'But, my dear'—nurse interrupted the shocked apologies—'you don't say that you'd listen to all my pretty fairy-tales, and then refuse to take the medicine which the doctor orders me to give you! Why, you wouldn't be so mean as that! Besides, it would be getting me into trouble.'

Em flushed. Whatever might be her faults, meanness was not one of them, and that she should be suspected of such pierced her little heart—a well-aimed arrow. After granny's departure Em still brooded over the aspersion.

'No, I ain't mean. I'll just show the terrible clean lady that I ain't!'

And when Nurse Winifred measured out the first bitter spoonful, Em bravely swallowed it; then she listened eagerly to a story about a fairy whose carriage and pair consisted of an acorn-cup drawn by a couple of those butterflies called Painted Ladies.

CHAPTER II.—Cured.

'To-morrow morning at nine!' said the house-surgeon to Nurse Winifred in an undertone. 'She seems a fractious little mortal, eh? More's the pity!' Turning to Em, who was regarding him intently, he continued: 'Are you fond of scent, little girl?'

'Scent?' repeated Em. 'Do you mean the stuff as smells so nice, like sweet-lavender-oh?'

'Exactly. Something like sweet-lavender oh!' returned the doctor, smiling. 'Well, I'll bring you some nice scent to-morrow morning, so see that you wake up early!'

'I do 'ope he won't go for to forget it, nuss,' said she anxiously the next morning.

'Not he!' said cheery Nurse Winifred. 'And Em, do you know you and I are to sleep in another room to-night——'

'Well, little one,' a voice interrupted, 'I've brought your scent. Look! Now, you must take a great sniff of it, for the scent is far in, so if you don't smell hard you won't get at it.' And the doctor handed Em a large ball covered with colored silks, and having a small tube in it.

If Em had not been engrossed with this queer ball, she must have noticed how anxiously both the doctor and nurse were regarding her sniffs at it. But Em did not observe; somehow she forgot their presence, she forgot everything in this world, so powerful was that scent; and the doctor raising her from the bed, swiftly carried down the ward a seemingly lifeless burden, its head and feet helplessly dangling.

When Em next awoke she felt too weak and tired for fairy-tales even; but she had weathered the storm. Better days came, and, wonder of wonders, Em seemed as changed in temper as if the fairies had been smoothing away her old fractiousness. Nurse Winifred was undoubtedly a kind of witch. And when Mrs. Betts was permitted to pay a visit, the old soul was afraid of the tranquil patient Em.

'She be real different, miss. Mayhap it's a sign as she's to be took!'

'Not at all,' said Nurse Winifred. 'She only wanted a little humoring—a kindly medicine we all would be the better for. And I've news! Em is going down into the country to my father's vicarage to have some more humoring, I've managed that.'

Em chuckled softly as she stroked nurse's hand, and smiled up into granny's bewildered face. Yes, it was all true; and at this moment Em is in the heart of the green country undergoing a further course of Nurse Winifred's cure for unhappy hearts—a little humoring—no longer a crank torment, but a sturdy, happy little maid.

How Camels Fight.

Nearly every animal has a peculiar style of fighting of its own, and the average man takes a keen interest in watching an exhibition of these peculiarities, says the New York 'American.' A camel fight is rather curious. The brutes have a pair of teeth far back in the jaw, which rival those of a tiger, and an old male is extremely ferocious. Knowing, however, that these, their most terrible weapons, are useless in a front attack—for, vast as a camel's gape is, it cannot be stretched wide enough to bring them into action—they never try to grip the head or neck or any vital part of an antagonist.

All the strategy is directed to the object of seizing one of his legs below the knee, and thus overthrowing him by pressure, then the huge back teeth can be brought to bear upon his throat, and he is no better than a corpse. There are those who deny that the camel has any sense at all, and they appeal to everybody who knows the beast by experience. The camel's way of fighting is mean and awkward, but it is the one best suited to its anatomy.

In the Balance.

(The Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

A friend of mine has told me that his soul was once in the balance, and the weight on the other side seemed to be merely a bit of pasteboard about an inch long and half an inch wide.

A story which illustrates how a very trivial incident may tip the scales one way or the other runs as follows:

When John T. R. was a boy he went to a country academy, and had daily to take a railway ride of some length from his home to his school.

He was a poor boy, and every cent counted. His allowance of money was a small one, and barely covered his railway fares and necessary books; but all that he could save by walking part way to school was his, as well as what he could earn.

P. T. Barnum's circus was coming to town, and the flaming posters never had had more fascination for a boy than for my friend. He gloated over them day after day as he stood before the huge bill-boards.

He was particularly interested in wild animals, and to see the elephants pile themselves up into a black pyramid, showing here and there a gleaming tusk, with the baby elephant standing on the trunk of its grandfather, and to see the Spanish cavalier in his sombrero and long riding-whip boldly enter the lions' den and tame the inmates with a glance of his compelling eye and a mere suggestion of his whip had been the dream of the boy's life.

The circus had been to that town before, but the boy had never been rich enough to go to it, and his father, who entertained the Puritan dislike for such shows, had been obdurate about giving the necessary half-dollar.

But this year the boy had nearly enough money saved up to pay for his ticket, and his father had promised that if he could earn or save quite enough, he would withdraw his

objection, and permit him for once to see the circus. There was, however, still fifteen cents lacking to make up the necessary half-dollar.

The bill-boards were arrayed in all their glory of emphatic capitals and thrilling pictures of equestrian and acrobatic performances, and visions of mysterious waggons had been seen by many excited youngsters coming into town in the early dawn of the next day, and in their imaginations the great tents were already being erected on the vacant lot near South Street.

All sorts of delightful imaginings, more gorgeous than the bill-boards themselves, stirred the boy's heart. But alas! he had but thirty-five cents. That morning, as usual, he took his seat in the train that was to take him to the academy. It was too far for him to walk all the way to school, and home duties prevented him from tramping even half-way, as he sometimes did, to save part of his fare.

That morning, however, as the conductor was about to take up the tickets of the passengers from Circleville, his attention was distracted by the news of a freight wreck in front of his own train, and when it reached Camptown, where the academy was situated, he jumped off and hurried to the telegraph office to inquire about the wreck. Meanwhile the boy looked round upon the platform, but could find no one to take his ticket.

Now came the struggle of his life. Whether he should be transparently honest and truthful or should blot his record with a small dishonesty was the momentous question which he had to decide.

The arguments which the demons whispered in his ear were very familiar and very specious. It was a great corporation on whose train he was riding; the fifteen cents would mean nothing to the corporation, but would mean a great deal of enjoyment to him.

Then, too, he had heard it said that the fares were altogether too high between Circleville and Camptown. He had paid a great many times fifteen cents into the coffers of the railway company, and since they had taken a little too much every day from him, it was no more than fair that he should even up a bit, and have one ride for nothing.

Besides, it was the conductor's business to get the tickets. A passenger was not bound to chase the conductor around all over the town; and the boy had looked for him, too, and could not find him. He certainly had done his part.

And then the circus! The delectable circus! The elephants and the kangaroos, the tigers and the camels and the hyenas! The man who jumped through a ring of fire! The Japanese acrobat who drank a cup of tea while he stood on his head!

Fifteen cents, just the price of a railway ticket, would make all these delicious and thrilling sights his, and he could use his old ticket the next day, and no one would be a bit the wiser.

Thus the battle went on all day long, and, as he himself believes, his soul hung in the balance while the decision was being made whether he should be an honest boy or a tricky one.

Every few minutes during the day, in school and after he returned home, John put his fingers in his vest pocket and felt that little bit of cardboard. The elephant stared at him out of the pages of his Latin grammar, and the giraffes craned their long necks over the tough problems in algebra.

He went home, and still that little piece of pasteboard weighed upon his mind.

He said nothing about the matter, for he knew that if he told his father or mother about it the open grate in the sitting-room would see the last of his railway ticket, and he would be forced to be honest in spite of himself.

In his dream that night he saw trick ponies performing most wonderful evolutions, and he heard the roar of the lions.

But, after all, it was only a dream, and he woke up to find that the circus had actually come to town, and would give its best performance that evening.

The train pulled up at the station, the boy went aboard as usual, and no one among the passengers realized that he was fighting a big battle on a small battle-field.

He took his usual seat and opened one of his school-books to prepare for a belated lesson. But he could not think of his lesson. The conductor came into the car with the usual shout, 'All tickets ready!'

At last there were but two passengers between John and the conductor. Their tickets were quickly taken; the conductor held out his hand. With a genuine struggle, but with a triumphant sense of victory at his heart, the boy pulled from his pocket twenty-five cents instead of the old railway ticket, which he at once tore up and scattered in fine fragments on the floor, received his rebate cheque, and went on his way to school.

Now, as he looks back over a long and honored life, he tells his friends that that was the day of his greatest battle and his greatest victory.

Babchen's Comrade.

(Eleanor F. Stone, in the 'Crusader.')

(Concluded.)

'I hope the boy will not do the dear child any harm. One thing is certain, she has a marvellous influence over him. I do not like to keep them apart, but sometimes I dread—I scarcely know what. And yet, if I lend my little one to do the Master's work, surely I may trust him fully to see that no harm befalls her.

Straight down the village street the child ran. A rough old blacksmith was coming out of his shed, and came upon her so suddenly he nearly knocked her down.

'Hullo! hullo! What's up now?' he cried, cheerily. 'Where is missy off to?'

She drew herself up, and held out a wee hand for him to shake. He took it in his grimy fingers. It looked like a white snowflake in his mighty palm.

'Good afternoon,' she said. 'I'm sorry I can't stay and talk with you,'—with old-fashioned politeness—'but I'se got a 'gagement, and musn't disappoint Punch.'

The old man watched her skipping down the street.

'Aye, t' parson'll hev to look out, or t' little 'un won't be here long. She's too good fer this world. I reckon t' angels onderstan' her better'n we,' he said.

While the minister had been talking to his little daughter in his study, the boy Punch had been standing at his mother's door watching the children pass on their way to the glen, where they were going to spend their half-holiday. He was a forbidding-looking child. His age was ten, but he was not taller than other boys of eight: but very strongly built and sturdy. One shoulder was higher than the other, and his neck was very short. One foot was also badly deformed and twisted. His eyes were small and crafty, and a slight turn in one gave him a more cunning expression. The nose was broad, and the lips thick and coarse. He was looking gloomily down the road, when a group of children passed. With a jaunty air, he followed them.

'I'll come, too,' he said, with a malignant grin. The younger children shrank away in dismay, for he was feared by all, and hated by many. But one boy, bigger than the rest, tried different tactics.

'All right,' he said unconcernedly, 'it's just what we want—someone to carry another basket.'

'Then I shan't come,' growled the boy, not seeing the trap laid for him, and the children passed on, not daring to show their delight. Then the boy stood moodily gazing down the road again. A beautiful collie watched him with intelligent eyes, and pushed his head against the boy's arm to amuse him, but he only turned and gave the dog a vicious kick. The beautiful creature uttered a whine of pain, but faithfully returned to his side, and lifted affectionate eyes, almost human in their appeal. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike the boy. He passed through the kitchen where his widowed mother was ironing. She looked up anxiously. The child was a constant trial to her. Never a day but some complaint of his wickedness and cruelty was brought to her.

He paused now to give her ironing-blanket a twitch, and shake all her work into creases, and then dash through the back door, and down the garden, to a strip of ground fenced off for a chicken-run. Drawing from his own pocket a piece of string, he caught two of the fowls, and tied their legs together; then two others were fastened in the same way, and then he began to chase them about.

Terrified and bound, they flapped their wings and tried to fly, while the boy seemed to enjoy his diabolical amusement. Even the dog seemed more humane than his master, and whined uneasily; when suddenly a swift, light footfall was heard coming down the garden path. With a joyous bark, the collie bounded to meet the minister's little daughter, and a sudden change came over the boy. He ceased chasing the poor dumb creatures he was tormenting, and began to fumble in his pocket for something. He seemed to fear to lift his eyes to the face of his little playmate. Before she could say a word, quick as thought, he drew out the knife he was feeling for in his pocket, and, hastily capturing his victims, he cut the string and set them free. One of them had injured its leg, and one had a broken wing.

The sight of the poor injured creatures was more than the little girl could bear. She turned away, with her heart too full for speech. Then she turned to the boy, with a divine pity shining in her eyes, and taking his deformed and twisted fingers in her own, she led him slowly away, the dog following dejectedly.

No word was spoken as they passed down the village street, and came to the gate leading to the wood. They opened it and passed through. It was a lovely spring day, the sun warm and bright, but much of the sunshine had faded from the little fair face, and a deep gloom had settled over the boy's countenance. They walked some distance through the wood, and came to a fallen tree. They seated themselves upon it in silence. Around them the primroses and violets blossomed in abundance, and in the distance, through the trees, they could catch a glimpse of the river. A soft spring breeze passed over them, gentle as the waft of an angel's wing. The girl lifted her finger.

'Hush!' she said, and the boy looking at

her rapt and heavenly expression, was awed into silence.

Presently he whispered, 'What is it?'

She smiled back at him.

'God whispered so close to me,' she said.

Punch looked incredulous.

'I never get so near as to hear him,' he said, half-enviously.

Babchen looked puzzled, then she slipped off the log, and laid her doll down, and came and stood before him, gazing at him with sweet, guileless eyes, that somehow disconcerted him.

'Daddy says if you love anyone else better'n you do yourself, you're very near him then. Do you love anv one better'n yourself?'

He shook his head, disconsolately.

'I'm all bad,' he said, in a husky voice, drumming his heels against the log. The jarring of the old tree shook the doll off. He got down, and picked it up carefully. It it had belonged to any other child he would probably have smashed it; but he laid it down, gently wiping the dirt from its face. 'It's awful ugly,' he said, glancing indifferently at the washed-out face, absolutely devoid of coloring.

Babchen took it up, and held it close to her loving little heart. Then covering her eyes with one dimpled hand, she said:

'Dear God, love my poor dolly, 'cause she's so ugly, and no one else loves her but me.'

The boy looked at her wistfully.

'That's why every one hates me,' 'cause I'm so ugly.'

'Then ask God to love you, 'cause o' that,' urged Babchen.

'Do! Now say, "Please, dear God, love poor Punch, 'cause only Babchen loves him."'

The little voice was persistent. 'Say it,' she cried, 'Say it!' and then a marvellous change passed over his face, an expression of intense yearning transformed his features. The misshapen fingers were twisted together in agony of spirit, and two large tears welled up into his eyes, as he faltered, 'Please, dear God, love Punch, although he's so ugly, and make him love someone else better'n hisself.'

The wee maiden was satisfied.

'He'll do that,' she said confidently. 'Now come and pick violets, and put them in your cap,' and they wandered away until suddenly Punch found a fine large acorn. He had been wanting one for some work at home, and his exclamation of delight brought Babchen to his side to see what it was. 'Isn't it a beauty!' she cried, admiringly, as he was putting it in his pocket.

'You may have it,' he said quickly. He wanted it badly himself, but he held it out ungrudgingly. But Babchen was equal to the occasion, and shook her head. 'Go on!' urged Punch, 'I don't want it,' telling a bare-faced lie, for he wanted it very much. But still the child refused.

'I'll get one another day,' she said, cheerfully.

'Then I shall throw this away,' he declared, and to prove how useless it was to him he prepared to throw it into the river. He gained the day, Babchen hastened to rescue it, and soon it was reposing in her diminutive pocket.

They had come to the banks of the river now, and as the cap was full of flowers, Babchen suggested sitting on the grass to put them into bunches, but Punch, with strange thoughtfulness, said it was too damp. Then the little maid espied a tiny boat moored closed to them.

'Let's get in, and sort them into bunches there. The boat is dry,' she cried gleefully. And soon they were seated inside the boat, the collie beside them.

So interested were they that they did not perceive that the boat was insecurely fastened, and had slipped from its moorings.

Then they looked up and discovered they were some distance from the bank. The boy had never used an oar, but he lifted one now, and endeavored to row back. But the river was wide just there, and the current strong. Two men walking along the bank saw them, and noticed the boy's ineffectual attempts to control the boat, and they shouted to them, and then—how it happened they never knew—perhaps the cry from the bank startled them into some sudden movement—the next moment the boat had capsized, and the two children and the dog were struggling in the water. There was no other boat, and the men who witnessed it could not swim; they could only shout in their excitement and cry out for help.

As the boy rose to the surface he felt the faithful collie seize him by the shoulder. Just then a shimmer of pale gold curls passed before his eyes. He had thrown one arm over the dog, but the next moment he withdrew, and endeavored to shake off the dog's grip. 'Seize her! good dog!' he cried to his would-be preserver.

Always obedient to his master's slightest word, the noble animal reluctantly released him, and seizing the little girl's dress, swam with her to the shore, then turned at once and swam back to the spot again. But the boy had given his life for his little comrade. The following day the poor deformed body was washed up lower down the stream.

The village people stand in groups and discuss the event.

'A bad boy he was,' they all agree. 'Though one shouldn't speak ill o' the dead; but it was precious little o' good there was in him; a leading the sweet little angel into such danger. It were a judgment on him, sure enough.'

But there is One who judges not as man judges.

In the minister's study a tiny maiden nestles in her father's arms. And how closely they hold her now.

'Daddy!' she whispers. 'Poor Punch is near enough to God to hear him speak now.'

And the minister cannot utter a word.

A Connecting Link.

It is always a matter of interest when one can get into personal touch, as it were, with a generation that is gone, but very few people have such an unusual experience as the French Count in the following letter from 'A. E. T.,' in the London 'Christian World.' It would be a profitable hour or two in history to look up the various characters and periods quoted.

'In 1853,' says A. E. T., 'a French officer of my acquaintance, Count Charles de Somerard, was dining at a table, when he sat near a very old lady, who remarked casually in the course of conversation, "My husband once said to Louis XIV. . . ." The Count thought that she must be insane; but he found that she was the widow of the famous Duc de Richelieu, Marshal of France, who was married to her in 1784, she being 18 years of age, while he was 88. This lady, therefore, was a link between the reign of William of Orange and that of Queen Victoria. She was well acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, and her husband knew the great Duke of Marlborough. He knew Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and was intimate with Bolinbroke. His widow knew Disraeli, Gladstone, and Lord Granville, who was attached to the British Embassy in Paris in 1836. She died in 1855. Her life and her husband's link that year with A.D. 1696.'

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Up, and be Doing.

Up, and be doing!
Nor wait for to-morrow;
Never to-morrow
May come to your hand;
Who waits for its advent
May find to his sorrow,
That God shall to-night
His one talent demand.

Be doing! there's never
A lack of employment;
The harvest is white,
But the toilers are few;
Life's sweetest, and purest,
And noblest enjoyment,
Is doing what heaven
Has given to do.

Oh, up, and be doing!
The duties lie near you;
Though humble the labor,
Work, work with a will;
God's voice in the heart
Will be music to cheer you,
God's smile will be sunshine,
Your bosom to fill.

No toil is too lowly,
If rendered to heaven;
It may not be noted
By angels above,
No service so simple,
If faithfully given,
That God will not stoop
To reward it with love.

Though humble the service,
The wild bird, while singing,
Is pleasing his God
In the song that he trills;
The violet, when from
The green sward upspringing,
In smiles and in perfume,
Its duty fulfils.

So, a smile from your lips
For the poor who may need it,
A word of sweet hope
For the heart in despair,
A word of wise counsel
For him who may heed it,
Are fragrant to heaven
As the incense of prayer.

Then, up, and be doing!
Nor wait for the morrow,
Nor long for great deeds;
Some little deeds do!
An angel, to lighten
A babe's little sorrow,
Might well spread his wings
And come down from the blue.

Be doing! for brief
Is the hour here given
To mortals to toil
In a sin-clouded earth;
And many choice germs
Have been planted by Heaven,
That wait for your sunlight
To bring them to birth.

—G. L., in 'Episcopal Recorder.'

The Stop-awhile-bush.

I have read that there is a bush that grows in South Africa, which has very long and very sharp thorns growing on it. These thorns catch hold of the people's clothes, and hold them some time before they can get loose. Because of the inconvenience it thus causes, it has been called 'the stop-awhile-bush.'

Is it this bush, or only a naughty habit that makes you late to family worship, or to school or to church? Keep away from this ugly bush, boys and girls.—'Buds of Promise.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Dorothy's Cripple.

'Oh, mother, I would like to be a missionary, and teach poor black women about Jesus, like the lady in the story I have just read! but I am only a little girl, and it will be such a long time before I am grown up!' and little Dorothy sighed as she put away her book, for it was growing too dark to read, and went across to the window where her mother was sitting with baby on her knee.

'You need not wait till you grow up, you can be a missionary now, darling; there are many round about us who need teaching and helping.'

'But how can I find them out, mother?' queried Dorothy; 'who are they?'

'You must keep your eyes and ears open, dear, and be ready to help anyone you come across who needs helping; it may be a very little thing, but if you do it willingly for Jesus' sake, He will soon give you more work to do for Him.'

Next day, Dorothy was coming home from school with her friend Maggie, when she passed a cripple boy standing against a fence under a tree, resting upon his crutches.

His face was so pale and thin, that Dorothy's tender little heart was touched, and she said to Maggie, 'Did you see that poor boy, how sad and hungry he looked; I believe I'll go back and speak to him.'

'No, you mustn't,' said Maggie, quickly; 'whatever would your mother say, if she knew you spoke to a dirty ragged boy like that?'

'Mother would not mind,' replied Dorothy: 'perhaps I can be a missionary to him. I'm going to speak to him.'

'Well, good-bye, I'm going home,' and Maggie went off, but Dorothy turned back; the thought in her mind, perhaps she could help this boy, perhaps this was work for her.

It was not very easy to go and speak to one she knew nothing about, but the little would-be missionary felt that she must begin somehow, so going timidly up to the boy, she said, 'You don't look well, I am so sorry you can't walk.'

The boy blushed and hesitated, as if not knowing how to reply; then he blurted out, 'You are very kind, miss! No, I ain't never well.'

'Where do you live?' queried Dorothy.

'Down in Dale's Cottages, number five,' was the reply; 'we've only jest come there from Battersea.'

'What is your name?' was the next question; 'and have you a father and mother?'

'I ain't got no father, and my name's Harry Pole; my mother thought she may get more work over here, one of the ladies, as she works for, has moved over, so she helped us a bit to move our things.

Perhaps you know some ladies as wants washing done?'

'I'll ask mother,' said Dorothy. 'Have you had any breakfast or dinner?'

'No, not yet; but I ain't hungry.'

'Wait a minute,' and Dorothy ran down a turning near, and soon came back with a bun bought with her only penny.

'Here, Harry,' she said, 'eat this, I am so sorry I had no money to buy more, but you won't feel quite so hungry, will you?'

The boy ate ravenously, eyeing her curiously the while.

'Why have you done this?' he questioned; 'you don't know me?'

'No, but Jesus does, and I love Him, and He likes us to help the poor.'

'Who's Jesus?'

'Don't you know who Jesus is? He is God's son, and He came and died for us, to save us.' Dorothy was greatly surprised at the lad's ignorance, but she thought about missionaries teaching the heathen about God, and said to herself, 'Poor Harry! he must be one of those mother said needed teaching and helping here.'

'Oh, I've heard of God, but he don't take no count of the likes of me.'

Dorothy felt glad that she had found some work, and she stood there and told this poor crippled boy in her own simple way, of God's salvation through Jesus Christ.

'Well,' he said presently, 'no one never told me about this before.'

'Can you read?' enquired Dorothy.

'No, miss; you see I've always bin a cripple, so couldn't go to school, and no one ever teached me.'

'Would you like to learn?'

'That I would, miss, but I ain't got no one to teach me.'

'Well, if mother will let me, I'll teach you; but I must go now, she will wonder where I am. You be here to-morrow when I come home from school, and I'll tell you what mother says.'

Dorothy's mother did not object, only she stipulated that Harry should come there for an hour twice a week and Dorothy should teach him, she sitting by at her needlework, ready to assist if required.

To Dorothy's great delight some tidy clothes were provided for Harry, and soap given him for his own use, and no one who had seen the dirty ragged boy when first Dorothy met him, would have known him as he went regularly for his lessons a few weeks later.

Many a meal did Dorothy have the pleasure of seeing him eat that she had begged for him, and the general improvement in his appearance gave her great satisfaction.

'Mother,' she said, one day, 'I wonder if Harry could be taught a trade so that he could earn his own living, he is pretty old, he is thirteen.'

Her mother smiled as she replied, 'I have been thinking about it,

dear, and may-be something can be arranged, we will see by and by. Perhaps the Ragged School Union can make room for him in their Cripples' Cobbling Class. I will write about it at once.'

'Oh, mother that will be nice,' cried the little girl clapping her hands. 'Mother, it is nice to be a missionary, at home.'—L.M. Shorey, in 'In His Name.'

My Mother.

One of the Rhymes the Children used to say nearly a hundred years ago.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee
Who wast so very kind to me—
My mother.

Oh no, the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care.
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed—
My mother.

The Birthdays of a Trio.

(Hope Daring, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

(Concluded.)

The first of June the subject was revived. After a good deal of laughter and a little seriousness on the part of the mothers it was arranged that Floy and Irene should have what they called a birthday party on the afternoon of the day they had selected.

'Will you call it your twelfth and a half birthday party?' Hubert, Irene's brother asked.

'What an idea! It is just a birthday party,' the little girl replied impatiently.

On Saturday afternoon Floy went to talk it over with Irene. She found Millie Cartright there.

Millie was a poor girl. That is, she lived in a tiny house and had fewer pretty things than did the most of her schoolmates. The girls liked her, though, for she was merry and sweet-tempered. Besides, the girls in Miss Allen's room were sunshine lassies; they found in Millie's lack of riches a reason why they should try to make her happy.

'Let us tell Millie all about it,' Floy whispered to Irene as the three little girls went out to where a lawn swing stood in the shade of a group of maples.

Millie was puzzled at first. When she did understand she laughed so merrily that the mother robin on the nest overhead looked sleepily around, wondering where that sweet-voiced bird was hidden.

'O, girls, it's so funny! That day is my birthday—my real one. I will be twelve years old.'

'Are you going to have a party?' Floy asked. 'We want you to come to ours.'

'Millie's face clouded a little. 'I am not going to have a party, I never do. Mamma would like to give me one, but she is sick so much, and our house is so little. I have some presents, though.'

There was a note in their little friend's voice that made Floy and Irene exchange troubled glances. Irene began to talk very fast.

'I am glad you can come to our party. We are going to play games on this lawn, for the party is to be here. We will swing and play lawn tennis.'

'Everything is going to be pink and white,' Floy explained. 'White cake with pink frosting, pink and white ice cream, candies and roses.'

Millie's brown eyes sparkled. How nice! Girls, I am glad you are going to invite me.'

They talked of the party all the afternoon. Millie was as much interested as were the other girls.

Tuesday afternoon Irene walked home from school with Floy. The little girls were strangely silent. On reaching the house they sat down in a hammock which hung on the porch. Irene's dimpled gypsy-like face was very grave as she said:

'Millie has never had a birthday party. We never had, but we have so many things she does not have.'

'That day is her own birthday, too. We may have a right to change our birthdays, but do you suppose we have a right to take Millie's?'

They talked a long time. At last Floy sprang up.

We'll ask mamma. She always straightens things out when they get in a tangle.'

Mrs. Burrows listened thoughtfully. When the story was finished she drew both little girls close in her arms.

'I am so glad you thought of this, dearies. Floy, mamma would so much rather her little girl would keep her own birthday.'

The birthday party was on June 25th. It was Millie's birthday and Millie's party. The party was the gift of Irene and Floy to their little friend. They played the games that had been planned as well as enjoyed the pink and white sweets. Millie was very happy.

'You two are the dearest girls! I believe because your birthdays are so near Christmas is the reason you are so much like the One whose birthday that is. You know He gave even Himself.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON V.—JULY 30.

Manasseh's Sin and Repentance.

II. Chronicles xxxiii., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. Prov. xiv., 34.

Commit verses 10-13.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 24.—II. Chron. xxxiii., 1-10.

Tuesday, July 25.—II. Chron. xxxiii., 11-20.

Wednesday, July 26.—II. Kings xxi., 1-9.

Thursday, July 27.—II. Kings xxi., 10-18.

Friday, July 28.—Joel ii., 11-20.

Saturday, July 29.—Prov. iv., 14-27.

Sunday, July 30.—Ps. xxxiii., 10-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

If the son had reigned like the father, Jewish history would have to be rewritten. Hezekiah blended piety and patriotism. He threw the exemplary power incident to high position entirely on the side of a pure faith. He did more; he broke down and swept away the symbols and shrines of a base and corrupt religion. He did not waver from this high stand during a reign which extended over nearly a third of a century.

Instead of perpetuating this admirable policy, Manasseh reversed it. He went through the whole catalogue of pagan vices. He was not content to go through it alone; he led his people and forced those who were unwilling. From augury and sorcery he went on to human sacrifice. He did not hesitate to throw his own children into the fiery embrace of Moloch. The chronicler says he caused the people to do worse than the heathen. These perverts rivalled and surpassed those who had been born and reared in their dark faith. Theirs was the greater condemnation, for they sinned against light; and when God spoke to them in terms of warning and entreaty they would not hear him, but were defiant.

The depths of this apostasy can scarcely be fathomed. Cults never practiced on Jewish soil were now introduced. Putrid streams of lasciviousness flowed everywhere. The climax was reached when what was perhaps a phallic emblem was set up within the very courts of the temple of the God who had said to his people, Be ye holy, for I am holy. The bitterness of it was that the worst king of Judah reigned the longest. He had more than half a century in which to unmake his nation. A complete recovery was never made from this dreadful lapse.

Persecution naturally attended this apostacy. Tongues were raised in protest. There were knees that would not bend. Even royal patronage of idolatry was without weight with some pious souls. Manasseh made a short shift of such. He hurled the recalcitrant nobles from the cliffs, filled Jerusalem with innocent blood, and introduced a Jewish reign of terror.

But it is a long lane that has no turning. Manasseh was warned before he was struck; but he was insolent and defiant. He sinned against light and grace; and he was obstinate and inveterate in his sin. The turn was sharp when it came. The haughty king was brought to the dust. Under the barbaric customs of the day, with a heavy double chain, hand and foot, and a ring through his nose, he was led captive to Babylon.

The glory of divine justice is, that its penalties are not inflicted as matter of vengeance, but are intended to be reformatory as well as exemplary. The moment the exiled and suffering king came to himself, the God of his fathers heard his supplication and restored him to his country and to his throne.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Heathenism smoldered during Hezekiah's reign. Only a spark of it remained at his death. Manasseh might have quenched it forever. Instead, he fanned and fed it.

For nations as well as individuals ascent is always difficult. Descent is easy. Moral heights are reached by the pains of self-denial. They are held by continuous watchfulness.

There is a moral gravitation which accelerates the descent of man or nation which turns to the nether way. Power of resistance diminishes. Entangling compromises seem imperative. Velocity toward hell increases in incalculable proportion.

These conditions call for a moral earnestness on the part of both nations and individuals which will not temper with or allow the beginnings of evil.

The prophets Jeremiah, Zephaniah, and Micah paint the nocturn of these evil times.

During his exile Manasseh had opportunity to study paganism on its native heath. He saw the fruits of its ascendency during long ages. He could compare and contrast them with the fruits of the pure theistic faith of the Hebrews. Perhaps this was one purpose of his exile.

The exemplary power of the divine clemency in the case of Manasseh can hardly be estimated. In a brutal and unforgiving age, when the conqueror delighted in torturing his prisoners to death inch by inch, the Lord set his prisoner free the moment he was genuinely penitent. His punishment was reformatory, not vindictive.

But Manasseh's past could not be effaced. He could no more stop the course of the evil example of half a century, than he could call back the sons he had devoted to Moloch. Sin is a fire that leaves its scar.

It seems curious that Hezekiah should have given his son the name of one of the tribes in the northern kingdom. If it was in honor of the zeal in which that tribe had joined in Hezekiah's reforms, then the son strangely perverted the father's meaning, and deeply sullied a good name. If the name was given in hopes that the wearer of it should reign over the reunited kingdoms, the father's hope was sadly disappointed. The son ignominiously lost a kingdom, instead of acquiring another.

History affords many parallels to the lapse under Manasseh. Witness the English Restoration after the Commonwealth, and the Florentine reaction after Savonarola.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 30.—Topic—Missions in Japan. Micah v., 2, 4, 12, 13.

C. E. Topic.

KINDNESS.

Monday, July 24.—Two spies sent out. Josh. ii., 1.

Tuesday, July 25.—Their danger. Josh. ii., 2, 3.

Wednesday, July 26.—Kindness shown them. Josh. ii., 4-7.

Thursday, July 27.—Kindness in return. Josh. ii., 8-14.

Friday, July 28.—The escape. Josh. ii., 15-22.

Saturday, July 29.—The return. Josh. ii., 23, 24.

Sunday, July 30.—Topic—A lesson in kindness. Josh. ii., 12-14.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

How to Prepare the Sunday-School Lesson.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Be in earnest.
2. Keep in the spirit of prayer.
3. Begin preparation early in the week.
4. Work along some plan.
5. Avoid ruts.
6. Adapt your preparation to your class.
7. Be on the outlook for illustrations.
8. Think out some appropriate and pertinent questions.
9. Use pencil and paper.
10. Expect results.
11. Do not get discouraged.

STEPS IN PREPARATION.

1. Read the lesson through several times.
2. Read the lesson again verse by verse, with prayer for spiritual guidance.
3. Consider the context.
4. Make good use of the marginal references.
5. Study lesson helps.
6. Post yourself on the meaning of the words and verses not easily understood.
7. Take time for meditation.
8. Review your work, pray for help, and go to your class with faith and enthusiasm.

REMINDERS.

1. Success is not reached without labor.
2. Ability to hold a class is important, but does not necessarily imply teaching power.
3. No one can teach right unless he has been first taught of God.
4. Brightness holds the attention; earnestness impresses the mind; instruction builds the character, but love wins the soul.
5. The true order of teaching is, first, explanation; second, application; third, exhortation.—'Living Epistle.'

Unless a grain of mustard-seed be bruised, the full extent of its virtue is never acknowledged. Without bruising, it is insipid; but if it be bruised, it becomes hot, and gives out all those pungent properties which were concealed in it. Thus every good man, so long as he is not smitten, is regarded as insipid and of slight account. But if ever the grinding of persecution crush him, instantly he gives forth all the warmth of his savor, and all that before appeared to be weak or contemptible is turned into godly fervor; and that which in peaceful times he had been glad to keep from view within his own bosom, he is driven by the force of tribulation to make known.—Gregory

Visit the Sick.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't neglect your sick scholars.'—'The sick need the physician.' Write the golden text or a few of your teaching points on a card and send it to them till you can call on them at their home; but be sure you see them before the next Sunday. If it requires some self-denial, pay the price and win the prize of a scholar's good will and confidence that you are intensely interested in him.

Life's Burden a Recompense.

Though the burden crush you down,
Life is a burden, bear it;
Life is a duty, dare it;
Life is a thorn crown, wear it.
Though it break your heart in twain,
Though the burden crush you down,
Close your lips and hide your pain;
First the cross, and then the crown.
—'British Weekly.'

Frequently questions come to me in regard to the expediency of teachers studying books upon the inspiration, the authenticity, the credibility, and the integrity of the Bible. Let me say, do not unduly discount such study, but at the same time beware lest such study pre-occupy the mind to the exclusion of the word itself. He is a foolish boy who becomes so absorbed in examining the shell of the nut as to drop the kernel untasted in the mud.—Prof. Dager.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—We were to have a little chat this week about that money collected by Grace Crowe 'towards furnishing a cot,' weren't we? Of course, you know, some of you, anyway, about the hospitals Dr. Grenfell now has under his care. There are Indian Harbor and Battle Harbor on the north coast of Labrador, and St. Anthony's on the north shore of Newfoundland, the first two being generally open only in the summer, the latter in the winter. Did you know that Dr. Grenfell has been needing very much a new hospital for the people along the eastern coast of Labrador? It will be on the Canadian part of Labrador, just where the big ocean steamers pass as they come through the straits of Belle Isle. A kind lady in Montreal has given the $5,000 needed for the building of the hospital, and Dr. Grenfell hoped to have it ready for next fall. It will probably be there we shall have our cot (there is nothing to prevent our having two if you send in enough), and so this collection will come in very nicely towards the necessary furnishings. We will hope to hear soon from some other earnest collectors. Every little counts.

Yours lovingly,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Charlton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and think it a very nice paper. My sister's name is Gladys. We have a nice time playing together. There are only four children here now, as my sister is away on a visit with my mamma. One of the boys got a brown baby rabbit, and it is very pretty. There is only eight houses and one church and a schoolhouse here. For pets I have two kittens; one is only three weeks old. There is a very large waterfall here. Mr. R. is building a mill over the waterfall. There has been about thirty men working at the mill since January, and they will soon be ready to saw lumber. This is a great place for mines, as there is nickel, silver and cobalt here. I enclose fifty cents for the Labrador Cot Fund. Is any little girl's birthday on the same day as mine, Oct. 23.

EVELYN R. McLAUGHLIN (age 9).

Fox Brook.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading in the 'Messenger' about the cot for children in one of Dr. Grenfell's Hospitals. I had no money at first to send, but I got twenty cents from my grandmamma for doing some work for her. Ten cents from John, who is ten years old, and ten cents from Willie, who is eight years old. Those are my little brothers. You will find a post-office order in this letter for forty cents.

NESSIE McM. (age 11).

(Will Nessie McM. please send her post-office address in full, and a reply to her question will be sent her?—Cor. Ed.)

Gilberts Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember, and we like it very much. I live on a farm and have two sisters and one brother, nine years old, who goes to school. One of my sisters attends the high school and the other one sews. Now I am writing as I am sending a small contribution to the 'Messenger' Cot. My birthday is on Dec. 10, and I am thirteen years old. Some of the good books that I have read are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Little Women and Good Wives,' 'Little Men,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Queechy,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Bessie at the Seaside,' 'His Brother's Keeper,' 'A Candle Lighted by the Lord,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and three of the 'Elsie Books.' I passed the entrance last summer, and have just gone to school from Christmas till Easter since then, as I am helping with housework. I milk three cows nearly every night.

CLARE ALLISON.

G. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Find enclosed fifty cents for the Labrador Cot Fund. My father has taken the Montreal 'Witness' for over twenty-five years, and we all like it very much. We three boys have had the 'Messenger' even since we could read, and we have always liked it. We have read Dickens's and Scott's works, also 'Black Rock' and others of Ralph Connor's; also many others.

ALLISON McKENZIE (13).

Eagle Head, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl only six years old. I have no brothers or sisters, and find it quite lonely to play alone. I like the 'Messenger' so much; my mamma reads the 'Children's Stories' and the 'Correspondence' to me. I am sending twenty cents for the 'Messenger Cot' in the Labrador Hospital. I would like to see my letter in print.

EFFIE G. M.

M., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you to-day my solution of the 'Bible Problem' which appeared in the 'Messenger' of June 23. Kindly tell through the 'Messenger' columns if my answer is correct, and if not, please give the right answer, as I am anxious to know the number of scholars in the school.

ANNIE B. FRASER.

(Your answer is right and your work beautifully done. We will not give the solution just yet, but will wait to see what the rest of the boys and girls make of it.—Cor. Ed.)

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little 'Messenger' girl. I am four years old. My mamma was reading to me about the poor little boys and girls in Labrador, and I want to send a little token of love to them out of my own savings bank. Please find enclosed fifty cents for your Cot Fund. Your loving little friend,

VIOLA J. WALKER.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the letters in the 'Messenger' every week. The letters are all very interesting, but I think Gladys J.'s are the most interesting. Most of the boys and girls tell you of the books they have read. I have not read very many, but some I have read are: 'Mable's White Kitten.' 'Little Men,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Little Women' and 'Jane's Service.'

BEATRICE MACKENZIE.

C., Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I was twelve years old on March 28. I got for presents a New Testament, a quarter made in 1892, and a handkerchief. Papa's birthday was on March 27. I have five sweet little nieces and one nephew.

In the summer of 1904 a pair of blue jays were going to build in a locust tree which stands in front of our house. I went and got some thin cloth and put it on a bush. I went away and watched, and pretty soon a bird flew down and got it, and put it in the nest. I put some more out, and they got that, and had streamers in the breeze all summer.

MARIE YOUNG.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think I will write you a little letter about where I live. I live on top of the rock, the town being about two or three hundred feet below us, and two miles away from us. In the rock there are seams very deep, and very often we cannot see the bottom of them because they are so narrow and dark. When you throw a stick down you cannot hear it rumble and rattle for at least a minute. In the seams that you can see down into, there are long, thin ferns growing at the bottom and along the sides. We have two pretty little groves, in one there is a bush of wild honeysuckles. I have two sisters older than myself. As to pets, every animal we have is a pet.

ALICE DEAN.

P. D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' Have any of you girls got flower beds of your own, We have a rubber factory here, but it is now shut down for six weeks. I have a cat, and she seems to understand what I say to her. I saw a letter in the paper from Mildred L. L. In it she asked if anyone knew eleven things which cannot be bought. I wonder if she would be kind enough to give us the answer.

H. R. M. (age 12).

V., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have seen a lot of interesting letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write, too. I have also seen the pictures in the 'Messenger.' Our Sunday-school has taken the 'Messenger' for over seven years, and we all like reading it very much. I always like the Correspondence Page. I go to school at River Valley School, which is over a mile from here. I am in the fourth book. I like my teacher very much. For pets I have two cats and a calf. I call the calf Barney, and I call the cats Muggins and Star. They all know me. Muggins sleeps on my lap all the time when I am sitting down. I carry Barney for about fifteen minutes every night, which she greatly appreciates if she knows how.

E. D. (age 10).

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters in the 'Messenger,' and have wanted to write a letter, too. This is only a small town, but it is growing rapidly. We are to have a marine hospital, a new customs office and a post-office. We still get Mayflowers here, and I got a bunch of dandelions to-day. I have a large hoop from Halifax. When it came two or three others came and Clair, my brother, and one of my playmates got them. The roads here are rocky, but still it is nice. The water is lovely.

DOROTHEA DUNHAM (age 10).

Kirkland, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have read a number of books, such as 'Little Fishers and Their Nets,' 'Robert Walton,' or, The Great Idea,' and 'What Became of It,' 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' 'Black Beauty,' 'King's Highway,' 'Words of Washington,' 'Opening of a Chestnut Burr,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Oliver Twist' and 'Minister's Ward.' I have two sisters and two brothers. I saw in a letter from E. L. M. the question, 'What two chapters of the Bible are the same?' I thing the 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of II. Kings.

CHRISTINE McDOUGALL (age 11).

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I wonder if any girls' birthday is on the same day as mine, Feb. 22. I wish to join the Royal League of Kindness, and I promise to keep the rules to the best of my ability. Wishing your paper every success,

CLARA M. BRADE (age 12).

PLEDGE OF THE R. L. O K.

To do kind acts.
To say kind words.
To think kind thoughts.

L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' although I have been taking it for three years. My papa and grandpa and another man made a lot of sugar and candy last spring. My grandpa made over eight barrels of bark to put the candy in last spring. The sugar is run into tin moulds which hold from a quarter of a pound to ten pounds. We have lots of fun going in the sugar woods during the season. I was nine years old on Oct. 9, and I am in the fourth grade at school. I have missed a good many days on account of rough weather and bad roads. I am very fond of reading, and have read the following books: 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' 'Seba's Discipline,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'The Little Woodman,' and a number of others that are in our Sunday-school library. For pets I have two cats named Topsy and Mollie, and a dog named Rover.

GLADYS E. GILROY.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our mother is in the General Hospital. I am keeping house. We have a large house. There is papa, my two sisters and my brother and a young man who is working for us, so I have lots of work. We send mother the 'Messenger' every week, and she says all of the other patients read it, and enjoy it. We get it at both Sunday-schools, the Baptist and the Presbyterian.

LAURA B. P.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

OUR LABRADOR COT FUND.

A Friend, Montana, $2; E. B. McCutcheon, $1; Sadie Doherty, 70c; Mabel Brebner, 50c; Alec. Wyatt, 50c; J. Taylor, 35c; Earl Collier, 28c; Jennie Jamieson, 25c; Henry Little, 25c; A. B. W., 25c; total this week, $6.08.

The Streets of the City.

The streets of the city are full
  Of poor little perishing souls,
Who wander away from the light,
  In places that Satan controls.
They see not the snare at their feet;
  They know not the danger they're in:
Dear Saviour, can these be Thy lambs,
  So changed and disfigured by sin?
Famishing, perishing, every day;
Lambs of the flock, how they go astray.

Then out of the mire of sin,
  And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock,
  And lead them up into the light.
Their nature with tenderness train,
  Their wilfulness try to subdue,
Be patient and tender with them,
  As Christ has been patient with you.
—Selected.

The Angel and the Demon.

(Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of 'The Double Thread,' etc., in the 'Friendly Visitor.')

(Concluded.)

The first year of their married life in their pretty, woodbine-covered cottage was a period of unclouded happiness, and then the old temptations again began to knock at the door of Frank's soul. For a time he held the fort against the invading foe, but only for a time; and then there came an outbreak which made the neighbors shake their heads and poor Alice wish that she were dead. But miserable as Alice was, her love for her husband never failed. Tenderly she bore with him in his maddest bouts of intoxication; and patiently she endured the poverty which now threatened to destroy their once happy little household.

Again the good Angel and the Demon of Drink strove together for the soul of Frank Marsden.

'I will save him by the hand of a little child,' said the Angel; 'the hand of a little child is strong.'

'But I am stronger,' said the Demon; and he laughed.

When the days of Frank's humiliation seemed at their darkest, a baby came to the woodbine-covered cottage, to comfort Alice and to make Frank's heart once more as the heart of a little child. And when Frank realized that to this new son of his he must be as a god knowing good and evil, he swore that the ideal of fatherhood should never be lowered by him, and that the lad should never have occasion to be ashamed of his father. So he put away from him the accursed thing and became again a sane man. For the sake of his wife and child people were ready to help the reformed drunkard by giving him work, and the cottage once more became bright and cheery. Little Tommy was the very apple of his father's eye, and Frank was never happy now apart from the boy. Long and interesting were the talks the two held together as Tommy grew older, and began to take notice of the world around him. Then there came to the bright little home a baby-girl, whom Frank called Jane, after his still tenderly-loved mother, and altogether the latter days of the Marsdens promised to be better than their earlier ones. Again Frank and Alice read and discussed books in the long winter evenings, and again wandered through grassy lanes and sweet-scented hay-fields on the long summer days. Alice began to look back upon that terrible past as a bad dream from which she had awakened, and to forget those 'old, unhappy, far-off things' which had thrown so dark a shadow over her early married life.

But this halcyon time was doomed not to last. Once more the evil spirit entered into Frank, and once more sorrow and want took up their abode in the woodbine-covered cottage. Poor Alice's once pretty face grew wan and wistful, and the two children soon felt the pinch of poverty and began to droop. Many a night did Tommy cry himself to sleep, calling in vain for his dear daddie to come and comfort him, and many a night did Alice sit up until the small hours to let in the besotted slave who had once been the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart.

For the last time did the good Angel strive with the Demon of Drink for the soul of Frank Marsden.

'I will save him by means of worldly ambition,' said the Angel; 'worldly ambition is strong among the sons of men.'

'Not as strong as I am,' sneered the Demon, and he chuckled to himself.

One day, when the Marsdens were in sore pecuniary straits, a lawyer called to see Frank and to tell him that his mother's brother had just died in Australia and had left him a large fortune. Marsden was staggered at the unexpectedness of this sudden accession to wealth, and could not at first realize that he was a rich man; but as he more fully grasped the idea he once more made up his mind that he would finally break himself of the pernicious habit which was ruining him in body, soul and estate. While poverty stared him in the face it was a relief to drown his cares in drink; but now that the reality of life had surpassed his wildest dreams, he had no longer any cares to drown. Glorious indeed were the castles that Frank reared in the air with his newly acquired wealth. What beautiful clothes he would buy for Alice, and what wonderful toys for the children; and how happy they would once more be all together! Surely the hateful past was indeed past now—past, never to return; for in a new life, spent in a fresh place, under altered conditions, the old temptation would lose its former power and be for ever robbed of its victory. But the thought which brought the greatest joy to Frank Marsden's heart in connection with the fortune he had inherited from his uncle, was the thought that now he could make Tommy 'a real gentleman,' for Tommy should go to school where the real gentry sent their sons, and should hold his head up with the best.

'Hullo, Marsden! come and stand us a drink,' cried George Grierson, one evening as it was growing dusk.

'No, no, not I,' replied Frank. 'I'll never taste another drop of that accursed stuff while I live. This money has made a new man of me, and a new man I mean to remain.'

'Well, you are a stingy cove, and no mistake!' sneered Grierson. 'I couldn't have believed that you would turn out so mean as soon as you had a little ready cash in your hand.'

'It isn't meanness, Grierson.'

'Isn't it; well, it looks uncommonly like it, doesn't it, lads?' cried Grierson, appealing to a group of men who were hanging round the doors of the 'Blue Boar.' 'I noticed that you were ready enough to drink when you were poor, and other chaps had to stand treat; but now that the boot is on the other leg, you've become mighty teetotal all of a sudden. Such temperance is beautiful to see, isn't it, boys?'

The men roared with laughter at this sally, and Marsden—who never could bear to be laughed at—after a little more similar chaff, went into the 'Blue Boar,' followed by his former evil associates—'just for the last time,' as he said to himself in excuse.

And it was for the last time.

Long and late did Frank Marsden sit drinking in the public-house with his boon companions—sat until he was besotted and inflamed with the devil's poison, and was no better than a brute beast. Poor Alice, guessing what had happened, came and waited for him outside; she brought the two children with her, hoping that the sight of his darlings would bring Frank to a better state of mind, and induce him to come home with her and them. But her heart sank as she waited for him in vain, and looked at the reeling figures reflected against the window-blind of the 'Blue Boar,' which made a ghastly magic-lantern to the further discomfiture of the unhappy woman. Marsden knew that his wife was outside waiting for him, but he was too far gone by this time to have any ear for her tender pleadings. At last one of the men made some rough joke about Frank's being tied to his wife's apron-strings, which filled the tipsy fellow with unseasoning rage against the patient figure waiting so pitifully in the village street. Completely carried away by his drunken fury, he rushed out of the inn and down the steps to where his wife was standing, and struck the poor woman to the ground with an iron tool he had seized in his intoxicated frenzy.

A piercing shriek rent the still night air, followed by the pitiful wailing of little chilren; and then Frank Marsden came to himself, to find that he was a murderer and his babes were motherless.

So Frank was hanged at the next Assizes, and his handsome fortune was forfeited to the Crown. The baby-girl did not long survive her poor mother; and Tommy, who was to have become a 'real gentleman,' was condemned to the hard lot of a pauper-child, and the sins of his father were visited upon his innocent head.

The Demon of Drink was filled with unholy triumph, for the struggle was ended and he had prevailed.

'Strong is a man's promise to his mother,' he said; 'and strong are also worldly ambitions, and the love of woman, and the hand of a little child. These truly are mighty; but I am mightier than them all.' And he laughed aloud in his evil glee.

The good Angel answered him never a word, but returned vanquished to his own place; and as he went he bowed his head in sorrow, crying, 'Lord, how long?'

At the Table of the Lord.

The Communion Service was drawing to a close in a little country chapel one summer Sunday evening. The bread had been distributed and the deacons were carrying round the cups of wine. As they did so, a faint, unmistakable odor filled the building; it reached a central pew occupied by the minister's wife and two visitors. One was a lady staying at the Manse; the other, a stranger shown in after the service had commenced. The smell of wine brought no sensation to the minister's wife; she was used to it. When her friend, Hilda Macdonald perceived it, she said to herself; 'It's fermented.' Her prayer of consecration changed to one of supplication that drunkards might cease to be tempted within the walls of the sanctuary. It was well to offer the prayer for the girl beside her needed it. She was a young servant girl with marks of struggle on her pale thin face; she had listened to the simple sermon very eagerly, and joined in the singing with a smile that came from happy memories. But now she watched the cup passing from hand to hand with fear and horror. 'In her heart she prayed, 'Oh, keep it away from me. I shall taste it if it comes too near. Make someone else refuse it, too.'

The deacon brought it to the pew; the minister's wife, with a temperance badge upon her mantle, sipped the wine and passed it on. Miss MacDonald took the cup in her daintily-gloved hand; gave one glance at the girl cowering in the corner of the pew, who made no effort to receive it, and passed it back again to the deacon untouched.

When the last hymn had been sung and the benediction pronounced, Hilda Macdonald felt a hand upon her arm.

'Tell me,' said the girl, in a whisper, 'did you do it on purpose? Did you know I dare not take it?'

Hilda smiled and said, 'No, but I did not want you to.'

'I'm glad you kept it back,' the girl went on. 'I've lost three situations through giving way to drink. I've promised never to touch it again, and I've been getting on so well these last three months. I haven't been to a service like this for three years, but I didn't know they ever used such stuff in chapels. They never did in London. I am glad I happened to sit next to you.'

'I expect it was not quite by chance,' said Miss Macdonald, brightly. 'I am very glad you did. I always pass fermented wine at a communion service. I see no reason to break my pledge even at the table of the Lord.'

'Hilda,' said the minister's wife that night at supper. 'What was that poor girl saying to you after service?'

Hilda repeated the conversation word for word. It was received in a silence that remained unbroken until Hilda started another topic. She had done her part. On her next visit, she found that the minister and his wife had not failed in doing theirs.—'Temperance Record.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Lydia.

Ludia is gone this many a year,
  Yet when the lilacs stir,
In the old gardens far or near,
  The house is full of her.

They climb the twisted chamber stair;
  Her picture haunts the room;
On the carved shelf beneath it there
  They heap the purple bloom.

A ghost so long has Lydia been,
  Her cloak upon the wall,
Broidered and gilt and faded green,
  Seems not her cloak at all.

The book, the box on mantel laid,
  The shells in a pale row,
Are those of some dim little maid
  A thousand years ago.

And yet the house is full of her ;
  She goes and comes again;
  Like lilacs in the rain.
And longings thrill, and memories stir,

Out in their yards the neighbors walk
  Among the blossoms tall;
Of Anne, of Phyllis, do they talk
  Of Lydia not at all.

—Selected.

Training Children.

The social club was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Doane, and the conversation turned to the training of children. After each one had given her theory on the subject, one of the ladies appealed to the hostess. 'Can not you give us some points on the training of children?' she asked. 'Yours are known to be models of courtesy, studious, and always ready to do their best in whatever they undertake.'

'One of the most difficult of my tasks,' replied Mrs. Doane, 'was the studying out of some plan to make them attend to their lessons and their various duties. As soon as each had attained sufficient age, a certain task was allotted, and this must be performed at an appointed time and in a precise manner, according to instructions. I found that in spite of all my admonitions they would rush through their tasks, and were given to scampering through their work in the most wretched fashion.

'Ordinary punishment and the continued "line upon line, and precept upon precept," utterly failed of its purpose. One day an inspiration struck me, and I tried an experiment; I wrote upon a card this proclamation:

'"Be it known to the children of this family, that no pleasures are to be indulged in unless work is thoroughly done, and at the proper time. Delinquents must not ask for privileges of any sort when work is unfinished or badly done, Mamma.'

'This was fastened to the dining-room door. I said nothing, but went about my work as usual. One by one the youngsters studied out the order. Some of them shook their heads, and looked wise, others laughed, and then looked troubled.

'The next day a drive to a neighboring pleasure resort was to be taken, and it nearly broke my heart when, at the last moment, I was obliged to forbid two of my children dressing for the drive, because their work had been so grossly neglected. I would have been glad to stay at home with them, but felt that the order must be enforced, and was certain that the lesson would not have to be repeated many times. Two pitiful little faces looked after me as we drove away, but I really thought it only just to those who had done their duty to make the day as bright and delightful as possible. We had a glorious time, and got home to find one little curly head asleep on the sofa, with very evident tear-stains covering her face. The other had done her work over, and it was perfectly done, too. Those two required only one additional lesson. For the others the punishment was several times repeated.

'After a time it came to be understood among the children that conscientiously performed tasks were rewarded by a correspondingly pleasant time in some way. I took pains to keep things in store for such rewards, and it was surprising what an effect it had on those little untrained minds. I never gave them money, toys, sweets or tangible rewards—this was too much like "value received" and hiring. But they had a good time, and I never failed to impress upon their minds that much of their pleasure arose from the consciousness of duty well performed.

'I do not approve of hiring children by the ordinary methods; it seems to have a bad, rather than a good effect, upon mine at least, and I find the pleasure-in-store plan very much better, particularly as I can at the same time impress upon their minds that this will be the case all through life. This method I have followed for more than fifteen years, and I think I may confidently say that whatever my children undertake to do is done well.'—Elizabeth S. Gilchrist, in the 'American Agriculturist.'

Selected Recipes.

Egg and Lettuce Sandwich.—To make this pound the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to a paste, season with salt and pepper and add enough mayonnaise or French dressing to stir to a creamy consistency. If French dressing is used a little sweet cream may be added also. Spread the mixture on thin slices of buttered bread, put a crisp lettuce leaf cut in strips on top of the paste, sprinkle the chopped white of the eggs over the lettuce, add the other slice of bread and cut in triangles.

Two Luscious Dishes.—Southern Muffins with Strawberries: Nothing can be more delicious than the following recipe of southern muffins served during the strawberry season for breakfast: Take four eggs, two cups milk, two cups flour, a little salt. Beat the eggs very light, whites and yolks separately. Beat in two cups milk, add the flour very gradually, beating all the time; half a teaspoon salt. Bake in well greased muffin tins from twenty minutes to half an hour in a very hot oven. If properly cooked they will puff up so that, when done, the inside is very nearly hollow. With a sharp knife cut off the top of each muffin. Fill the hollow centre with selected ripe strawberries, sprinkled with sugar. Put on the top of each muffin and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve with cream.

Scotch Cakes.—One pound flour, one-half pound of butter, and one-quarter pound of sugar; let the butter stand in a basin near the fire to soften, but not to melt; when soft, rub it into the flour; then rub in the sugar. Roll out a sheet half an inch thick, cut out cakes about two inches square, and bake until they are light brown. Put them away in a stone jar, and they will in a day or two gather moisture enough to be soft.—'Harper's Cook Book Encyclopedia.'

More Schools Well Pleased.

Harmony, Col. Co., U.S.,
June 20, 1905.

John Dougall & Sons.

Dear Sirs,—I received the flag last night and took it to school this morning. The children were delighted, and I was much pleased with it, and we thank you for putting it in our power to obtain this flag for our school.

I shall tell other teachers of your liberal offer, and if I remain here another year, may try for a library. I shall tell the children about it anyway, and perhaps they will earn one even if I am not here.

Thanking you for your kindness,
I am, yours respectfully,
AGNES McKIM.

STILL THEY COME.

Sandringham, Ont., June 26, 1905.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—The flag arrived in good order a few days ago. We are all very much pleased with it, as it has exceeded our expectations. The trustees are entirely satisfied and are getting a pole.

Thanking you for enabling us to place so fine a flag in the school,
am, yours truly,
LOUISA AIRD.

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